

# The Times Dispatch

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THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1913.

## WHAT VIRGINIA WANTS.

John Garland Pollard knows what progressive Virginia is thinking. He represents the type of enlightened public officer that Virginia wants. He is a man of simple, honest, democratic, moral fervor is founded on deeper and more convincing principles than the conservative and outworn thought of the Hampton aspirant.

We can point out only a few of the differences. The Richmond man hit the nail on the head when he said that Virginia wants representative government that represents the people, and not a clique or fraction. That is what we want all along the line. That sounds the keynote of the whole situation. We want no more thwarting of the public will, such as was the ring-directed action of the Norfolk convention in denying the endorsement of Woodrow Wilson. The people wanted Wilson. Everybody knows that. What did they get from the reactionary school of representatives favored by Mr. Cumming?

Again, Mr. Pollard is right in declaring that the people do not want to know the platform on which a candidate stands. True, they are also interested in his ability and training. Those things should be fundamental. Yet how can they feel certain that the broad constructive policies of State-building will be carried out unless they learn of what character the candidates' views may be? We want to get away from the merely personal idea of government. Fitness is not enough. Fitness in action counts. That action will be decided by the officials' principles. If the people do not want to know what a man stands for, why is it that to the popular mind this debate is the single big event in the campaign? That is a hint for Mr. Cumming.

Mr. Cumming is misguided if he thinks in this day the State of Virginia takes his cheap ventriloquism as the fee system as an answer to charges that he is to defeat the revision of the fee system. It is time a candidate for Attorney-General of Virginia did know what Trevelyan's compensation is, and what Harry Holt gets. "I don't know," coupled to a platitudinous about the compensation being regulated by the volume of the work and the quality of the responsibility, gets no applause. Voting against the West fee-publicity resolution on the ground that it amounted to nothing doesn't relieve Mr. Cumming. The principle of letting the people know what their servants receive amounts to something. Better one single constructive suggestion, such as Mr. Pollard made, drawn from the result of action in Richmond which added \$100,000 to the State's revenue than a volume of ignorance.

As a cold fact, where does Mr. Cumming stand on the officeholders' trust? The Hampton League was vague and inconclusive because he is behind the times. He was making a case for reactionary policies. Mr. Pollard was talking with bluntness about helping Virginia.

## PARKS FOR PEOPLE.

Richmond is waking up to the tremendous value of parks. Our growth demands more breathing spaces, our congestion seeks outlet in public squares where private yards and gardens no longer exist. Even the vacant lot is gone. We are also learning the wisdom of parks in keeping kids in working trim and to preserve health, both of body and morals. We are using the parks—that is why there are a lot of park problems. We rejoice in the attention. They certainly mean public interest in more, better equipped and beautiful public grounds.

We hear these complaints. Dawa Gamble's Hill way they want more hand concerts. It is said that the municipalities are afraid to use the park for fear of trouble with the negroes. From the West End comes the wall that Third Park grounds are so crowded that good, old-fashioned people cannot be heard with plenty of room for merry-making. When the people get to feeling this way, we have hope that they will go to the Council and demand more space for pleasure. We also think that with time the dilatory committee that let the chance at the sidewalk (drive) addition to the park will be on the job. Even the request from the parkkeeper that he have authority to express more and more freedom means that a whole lot of people are coming to the park.

The negro park question has again in a petition from the colored people against creating a park for negroes. They say it will be a rough spot for the gathering of the worst element of the race, to the fomenting of general trouble and the unhappiness of the respectable negro. To this there is an answer. Richmond ought to protect respectable people of whatever color at any and all times. Doubtless the same cause for friction exists in all the aspects of life in the negro district, and we see no reason for giving up a valuable adjunct like a public park with the weak admission that we cannot preserve order in its bounds.

Give the negroes a park as justice, and then see that it is used for helpful and legitimate purposes.

What we really need is a park commission with control of the improvement of parks, music and recreation. Some park policy—including women—would help. The people's fragments of outdoors should be kept out of politics and given into the charge of experts who are working for the people's pleasure.

## A SWIMMING POOL FOR OUR BOYS.

The Administrative Board should follow the suggestion made the other day by Captain W. H. Myers, of the Howitzers, when he proposed, in explaining why his armory swimming pool could not be thrown open, that the city build a swimming pool for our boys.

Why not? Some of us are young enough, thank heaven, to remember when there was a glorious swimming hole off Belle Isle and when the venturesome could pass from the calm waters of "Cherry" to the more turbulent current of "Little Hell." If we enjoyed the joys of these natural swimming pools, why should our city fathers deny the boys of to-day an artificial resort in lieu of these "holes" which the new dam has dried up?

We are beginning to see that when we make boys and girls stronger we are making them better, and we can hardly carry this truth too far. We have made a start—a small one, to be sure—towards public playgrounds. Let's turn our attention now to the water front and build a good swimming pool for the citizens of to-morrow.

While we are on the subject, we beg our readers to stop and see how the boys are enjoying that ballfield which has been provided on the site of old Ford's Hotel. From 3 in the morning until the noonday sun gets too hot for them, and then again in the afternoon a crowd of boys are playing, the most exciting games. The City Hall stops business to watch them when the score is close; staid old State officers across the Square survey the contests. They are fine!

## HOW LONG WILL WE MURDER?

We did not have the heart to read that dismal story of death which appeared in yesterday's paper. We saw from the headlines that fifty girls had been cremated in a factory in Binghamton, and our only thought was, how long will the American people be party to murder?

Leaving out of question the blame for this fearful loss of life, the tragedy at Binghamton will recall to the minds of all our readers the famous Triangle fire in New York. Indeed, at this new horror every one will remember with sickening regret the large number of factory fires in recent years when girls and women have been burned to death as cruelly as though they had been tied to the stake.

Have we done anything to prevent the recurrence of the Triangle fire? Will Binghamton enact regulations that will make impossible another such a holocaust as that of Tuesday? We are afraid not. Somehow in recent years we have raised the hue and cry in the first remorse at the community's responsibility for these murders, and then have quietly dropped the trail.

For all of this the American people as individuals are to blame equally with the factory owners. Public sentiment has written on our books the few few protection measures we have public sentiment could demand more if it would. Yet we are so busy with our own affairs that we let the girl who must make a living take her life in her hands every time she enters a factory.

## GIVE US ACTION.

How much longer will this game of delaying the tariff continue? How much longer will a lot of footfall and futile talk postpone the complete adjustment of business conditions in these United States? How long will the so-called "opposition" waste time and money in a torrent of "viewing with alarm?"

As facts stand, the tariff program is practically settled. This is so true that business has discounted the changed rates and is merely waiting for their legal enactment. The delays are gaining no praise from their old allies—like business—for the latter who would rather have inevitable things over with. The delays are gaining no votes from a people that have been gradually enlightened on what was once a mystery. In short, the delays are getting nothing but red in the face and hot under the collar.

Meanwhile, matters of grave import are pending. The reform of the currency system is to be considered, and upon that before it is thrashed out we must have long and arduous debates. It is not a finished thing like the new tariff. Most pressing of all to an American for whom the dollar has not obscured every other interest in his nation there is coming a deep desire to get our foreign policies straight. Mexico cannot be shifted with forever. The extension of our Latin-American influence must be planned with wisdom and honesty. Our whole international life is changing. Can the Senate quit waiting against the tariff that is bound to pass, and give a little real statesmanship to these affairs of national honor and ethics?

V. F. F. V.S.

Our kindly friend of the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot sets right the St. Augustine Record, which has been boasting that Florida had families whose claims to social distinction ante-

dated by a century Virginia's oldest names. The Virginian-Pilot points out the very important fact that the strain of Spanish blood in Florida trace their descent from Virginia stock.

Far be it from us to rush to the rescue of one who knows Virginia history from its beginning, and who has been in many stirring chapters "magna pars." Yet the truth might as well be told and the First Families of Virginia set straight. The fact is, when one speaks of F. F. V.'s he is using a relative term. There have been first families during every period of our development, and many have waned as others have waxed.

Strictly speaking, of course, our first families are those of the earliest settlers, the Jamestown cavaliers and their successors; but of these very few have remained. In precisely the same way, the second half of the seventeenth century saw the rise in Tidewater Virginia of a large number of families, the descendants of which, in some instances, are unknown to-day. Then, too, with the beginning of the eighteenth century came into prominence some men whose names were unknown in the previous era, while by 1750 or thereabouts rose those generally reckoned as our first families. Still later, with the overthrow of many fortunes during the Revolution and with the abolition of entails, other old pedigrees crumbled and new families grew famous. The V. F. F. V.s—the very first families—are small indeed.

But we are happy to think, as no doubt will the Virginian-Pilot, that among a people who have lived in the same State for 350 years and have been saved from the introduction of alien blood, chivalry is indelible and good breeding the right of every Virginian.

## OLD RICHMOND PAPERS.

To those familiar with the Virginia journalism of a generation ago, there was something touching about the "extra" Dispatch which we reproduced yesterday. It was a speaking memorial of the grand old days when Richmond drew the eyes of the nation and held the ear of the country by its remarkable newspapers.

Time was, before the war, when this city boasted seven newspapers, of which only one has survived. In the Times-Dispatch of today. Some of them were short-lived, some were brilliant, some were dull, but all had their coterie of readers and their champions. Before The Dispatch came into being, The Examiner, The Enquirer and The Virgin had held the field, but not without early and bold competitors in The South, The Times, The Republican and The Penny Post. Men in Georgia and Texas subscribed to The Enquirer because it was as Mrs. Clay reminds us in her delightful book, the "Political Bible" of the South. Statesmen everywhere read Richmond papers—witness the files in the Library of Congress, addressed to James Buchanan, Esquire.

There were editorial giants in Virginia in those days, men whose names, alas, are all but forgotten to-day. Of "Father" Ritchie, Dr. Ambler has written an interesting biography, and of the great John M. Daniel, George W. Bagby has left a remarkable character-sketch. But who remembers Ridgeway, the brilliant, Gallagher, the versatile, Pryor, the voluble, Wise, the thunderous, or Hughes, the persuasive? Only in the dusty files of their forgotten papers do their names survive.

There is something infinitely tragic in the death of a newspaper. If Tolstol, in his "Three Deaths," made pathetic the fall of a mighty tree, then some Southern novelist should tell the moving story of the papers that perished. How their editors loved them and worked for them, how they poured into brevity their very souls, and how they were quick with the trigger to avenge a reflection on the good name of their journal! Bravely they cheered the people in hours of despair, boldly they aroused them when duty called; fearlessly they challenged the press of the nation in defense of Virginia. Long, long lists of dead and wounded they printed on yellow wrapping paper, even on flowered wall paper, when the enemy thundered at the gate, without flinching they watched the last rasp of their nation as began to build it once more on the shaken foundations. They died bravely, those old Richmond journalists, and their makers deserve a kinder fate than that which Time and Forgetfulness have made theirs.

If those stranded actors want to get to New York very badly, they might go to work.

What's the use of putting all the news of summer resort festivities under the nose of a man chained to a desk?

That St. Louis girl who slept 150 hours straight knows how to take a cheap vacation.

As far as most folks know this bit of news from a Richmond Dispatch "Extra" of 1857 is still true: "The aspect of Turkish affairs is not materially changed since last advice." The aspect of Turkish affairs is not so interesting as the aspect of the Col's percentage of games won.

Six more weeks of living in Slumberland.

We believe if some candidate came out with the frank statement that there was a bare remote chance that he perhaps might be accidentally defeated, his honesty would be immediately rewarded by election.

Is his middle name Garland because he gets the laurels?

The last families of Virginia are the ones of greatest importance to the State right now.

Maybe Felix Tardeila was too classical a name for Leader Stein.

Is the chap who kicked on the weather hiding his head in shame?

## On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

**Song of the Grouch.**  
Why be cheerful?  
Why be gay?  
Why throw bouquets  
At your friends?  
Why be glad  
When you really  
Should be sad?  
Why throw bouquets  
At your friends?  
Flowers all wither.  
There it ends.  
Why be pleasant  
And content?  
When you're broke  
Or badly bent?

**Why be boasting**  
Your friends' stock  
When it's easier  
To knock?  
Why be aiding  
Charity?  
That's your business—  
Yes, sirree!  
Be a cynic.  
And when you must  
Meet your doom  
Makes no difference  
What is said  
Though the folks are  
Glad you're dead.

**Signs of the Times.**  
It is a good thing to hold the family  
plene early and then forget it so as  
to enjoy the rest of the summer. Ple-  
nence will have to do, of course, in the best  
of families, but the average family out-  
ing is a horrible thing to have to look  
forward to.

Vincent Astor has an automobile that  
will go 120 miles an hour. He is one  
of the few young men in this country  
who can afford one.

**The Diary of a Housewife.**  
My wife and I and her husband  
and nine children spent six weeks with  
us in the city last winter and enjoyed  
with us the high cost of living to the  
extent that wife's jewelry had to go  
down to the old junkies for a spell and  
we placed a first mortgage on our  
horseless piano.

When they parted from us tearfully  
at the end of their visit they said in  
that delightful vague way so often  
employed by relatives: "You must run  
down to the old farm and see us for  
a day or so some summer."

Although the invitation was so in-  
definite that it sounded like a politi-  
cian's auto-campaign promise of a  
woman's vow to "obey" in the marriage  
contract, we decided to take advantage  
of this summer.

After selling our cook stove to buy  
sufficient gasoline, we motored down  
to the old farm. That was yesterday.  
We expected to stay six weeks. We got  
back to-night.

We like our old flat in the city pretty  
well, where it never gets above 100 in  
the shade, and the next time we want  
to make a little excursion in unhappi-  
ness or a little ride in misery, we are  
going to start for Panama in the mid-  
dle of July and loaf around the equator  
with the pellagra bug and the yellow  
fever mite.

Our relatives had sixteen summer  
boarders who were trying to win back  
their faded health by living on canned  
vegetables and dried herring. The  
name of the old farm is now "Pleasant  
View," which is a rather remarkable  
thing in itself, inasmuch as it is  
no view at all and very little that is  
pleasant. The rates are \$5 a day.

My wife's cousin's husband is a great  
business man. All of the rooms were  
rented and I had to sleep in a tent  
on a cot which closed up like a jack-  
knife about every twenty minutes and  
removed a porthouse steak from my  
anatomy. The wife and kids slept in  
the corner, which was light and well  
ventilated.

The people who are paying for it  
seem to be having a good time, prob-  
ably because they are rich and don't  
know any better. It is anything to get  
to be poor and discriminated, but that  
is our fix and one night settled our  
desire for country life.

We found that our cousin's hus-  
band had sold all his real and farm prop-  
erty from this city every other Wed-  
nesday, early in the morning before any  
of the boarders are awake.

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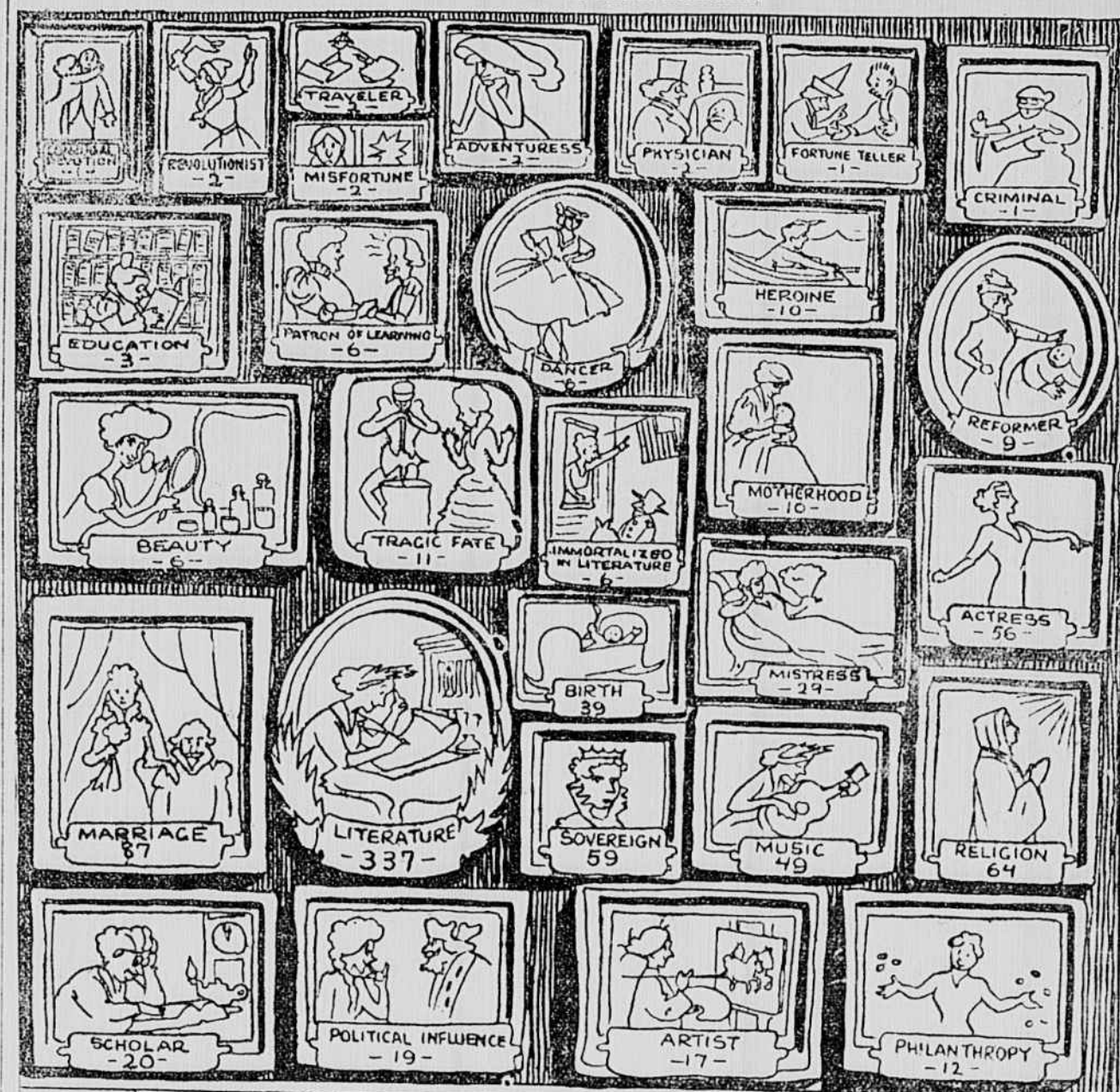
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## THE WORLD'S EMINENT WOMEN.

A Learned Statistician Has Found That There Have Been Only 368 Eminent Women Since the Beginning of History.

By John T. McCutcheon.

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**WELL SOON INCREASE THE NUMBER**  
WOMAN VOTER

## WORLD'S GALLERY OF FEMINE FAME

## VIEW OF THE VIRGINIA EDITORS

### Segregation the Solution.

Mr. Monroe has probably solved the problem for the Virginia taxpayers. There seems to be no reasonable ground for opposition to the plan which turns over to the State for taxation the corporation and leaves to counties and cities all other subjects of taxation for their own revenue. Wherever State taxation is levied, city and county taxation ceases, and wherever city and county taxation is levied, State taxation comes to an end. Double taxation becomes a thing not to be seriously feared. Is there any reasonable ground of objection to segregation? Of course, we need not be surprised that men will disagree about this subject as they have about all others. The working over of details has always furnished a fruitful ground for the growth of disputes, but in the end we must come to a solution of our tax problems that is at once effective and just. The present system is ineffective and unjust, unless it now lives under it longer than just people should have done. We know the injustice inherent in a system wherein assessments vary 50 per cent and more.—Charlottesville Progress.

## QUERIES & ANSWERS

**One Thing After Another in Orange.**  
The horse show season is now on. The thunderstorm season is well on. Our people now partake of peaches and plums.

This, the year 1913, is now more than half past.

"On to Manassas!" will be the cry next week.

Corn is here—and now we eat from ear to ear.

The days are growing shorter and the nights longer.

Monday, July 28, will be Orange Circuit Court day.

To show a horse or not to show a horse is now the question.

We must have a town clock in the courthouse tower.

Peaches and cream are now something more than a dream.

Intermission between thunderstorms—five and ten minutes.—Orange Observer.

**Well, What If They Do?**  
If you think you are wise and well-informed, just see if you can answer these questions: You have seen hundreds of white horses, why did you never see a white colt? Why does a horse eat backward and a cow eat forward? Why does a hop vine twine to the right and a pea vine to the left? Why does a horse, when staked out by a rope, unwind the rope, while a cow winds it up? Why does a cow get up on her hind feet and a horse on his front feet? Why does a dog turn around three times before lying down?—Abingdon Virginian.

## Your Business Standing

The fact that you have an account at this strong bank adds a distinct prestige to your business standing, and those with whom you deal appreciate being paid by a check on this bank.

You also have at your disposal every modern facility and receive courteous attention from employees thoroughly posted in every branch of the banking business.

\$1.00 is enough to open a checking account with this bank.

**National State and City Bank**  
1111 East Main Street